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plantations as casuals, and a number of them did so intermittently, returning to the village to sleep.

The excess of boys over adolescent girls is explained by the fact that many of the girls were living with their prospective relatives-in-law in other villages, while the brides of the boys wearing the *upi* remained with their own people till after the *watawutſ*.

One man has four wives, one has three, and five have two. One of these is a boy still wearing the *upi*, whose 'wives'—they are spoken of as such although the marriage rites have not been completed—do not yet live in the village, but pay short visits only.

Leaving out the 25 boys wearing the *upi*, and 4 men who sleep with them in the *tobār*, there are 107 individuals (72 adults and 35 children) living in 27 huts. The majority of huts have 3 or 4 inhabitants. The largest number sleeping, habitually, in the same hut is 7, which happens in 3 cases. One hut has a solitary occupant, an old widow, whose children are all dead.

THE DAILY ROUND

The village day begins at sunrise, with a leisurely stroll, during which frequent halts are made to enjoy the morning sun. It is not often that we wake to rain; that comes generally later in the day. The women take a briefer stroll, return home, and begin to rake together the ashes of the fire, probably still hot from having smouldered through the night. Soon the native Mission teacher blows the conch-shell which is the signal for Mass, and those who feel so inclined make their way to the church. (The church is beside the road, hidden by trees from the village, hence it does not appear in the plan. The villagers had just finished its construction when I came to live among them.) On their return, the women uncover the ovens in which taro has meanwhile been roasting, or they may boil some instead, or, if there is any over from yesterday, it may be eaten cold, together with any bits of fish or other relish that may be available. The men come along presently, the children are called up, and every one eats, but not a large meal. If the village is by the sea, some families will take their meal on to the beach and eat it round a fire kindled there. Then the women collect the scraps and call the pigs, who come on hearing their names. All now sit about for awhile, gossiping and making arrangements for the day.

The women presently pick up their knives and packs (made of

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its head men when they require to visit the Government Station at Buka Passage, as they are called upon to do on the occasions of the annual visit of the Administrator (see Pl. 1 *a*). 501

There is a special series of terms for designating the size of a *mon* according to the number of *poan*: 501

koak, small *mon* for children to play with, or large enough for one man. 192
poboak,[1] *mon* with two *poan*, i.e. suitable for two paddlers and a steersman. May be used for bonito fishing.
pokukan, *mon* with three *poan*, the size usual for bonito fishing.
potana, *mon* with four *poan*.
potonim, *mon* with five *poan*.
potonom, *mon* with six *poan*.
posawun, *mon* with ten *poan*, the largest now made.

Dimensions of *mon* with three *poan*

Length, 27 ft. 4 in. from bow to stern. 501
Width, 3 ft. at widest part, in the middle (inside edge of *warin*).
Width of planks, about ½ in.
Depth of side plank (*warin*), i.e. total height above water, 1 ft.
Length of *waistnan*, 6 ft. 9 in., of which pattern extended for 3 ft. 6 in.
Floor, 5 planks each about 6 in. wide.

Launching of mon. Canoes are never given names. When a new [552] ●
mon is put into the water for the first time, it is carried down to the shore, from the shelter where it has been during the later stages of [482]
its construction, on the shoulders of some of the men who have worked upon it. I have seen a small one (with three *poan*) carried on the shoulders of two men. A crew of men and boys man it, and [343]
it is taken out a short distance, paddled round for a while, and then brought in and put into the shed which has been prepared for it on the shore. The men concerned in the making of it then meet [574 476]
in the men's house and eat ceremonial pudding which the owner of the *mon* and his friends have previously prepared. If there is any over when they have all eaten as much as they wish, they send it to their womenfolk, who eat it in their own quarters. The men who have helped in the making of a *mon* receive no payment other than this feast, but when they wish to make one for themselves they would call upon the owner for his help in turn. Any man may own [422]
a *mon*; I never heard of a woman doing so. As the labour of making 501 426

[1] These words are made up of *po* (for *poan*) prefixed to the ordinary numerals.

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household pets, and calls them by name.[1] They roam about the village or the bush at will, but come morning and evening to their owner's hut to be fed when called. I have frequently seen women and children caressing them, but do not know of any case in which they have been suckled by women, though this may quite possibly occur, as reported from other areas. Village pigs have their ears slit as a mark of identification, and the males are castrated, which is regarded as a means of identifying them when they are caught in the nets meant for wild pigs, though the reason given for carrying out this operation is that they will not be so wild and so likely to run away. (See further discussion of this question in Chapter III.) No attempt is made to breed, but the females have plenty of opportunity of foregathering with bush pigs, so that the supply is maintained in spite of this custom. The litter belongs to the person who owns the mother. Sometimes young pigs are taken over to Baniu to be cared for there, because 'the ground is better for them' there than at Kurtatchi. In this case, when the sow farrows, the Baniu people are given a piglet for their trouble.

On the occasion of a major feast, pigs are contributed by each person concerned in any respect, according to his ability, assessed by the *tumaun*. Some months before the *watawut∫* ceremony was due to be held, Pinari went round to some of the villages whose boys were to take part in it, leaving at every house a short length of bamboo; this was an indication that such a house was to provide a pig for the associated feast, the family would then set aside a certain pig for that purpose.

The pigs belonging to a person of rank are killed at his death to provide food for the people who come to wail.

Wild pigs killed in the bush are the property of the huntsman. If a concerted drive is made with nets, the pigs caught belong to

[1] Some pigs are named after the place they came from, or the person from whom they were obtained. Some are given names reminiscent of events which happened at the time they were born, e.g. 'Kwigin', for a pig born when the *ipi* boys were being given food by the *kwigin* (older men) in the bush, prior to the *watawut∫* ceremony. Some contain a sly allusion to somebody's personal idiosyncrasy: 'Gurunkin', 'Sleeps over his work'; 'Muwapuin', 'Eats herself and gives none away'. Other names refer to a physical peculiarity of the pig: 'Pipipupun', 'One ear cut, one ear not cut'. Not infrequently there is a dig at the white man. One pig was called by the name of a planter whom the natives much disliked, this was intended as an insult. Another was called 'Whiteman'. On inquiring the reason for this, I was told: 'The white people give their pigs names of our people, so we called our pig "Whiteman".'

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224 all the people who participated in the hunt; they are cut up and divided equally; each man then takes his own share home. If he so [565] desires, the *tsunaun tʃan* can claim a portion for himself, whether or no he was present at the hunt. If a large number of pigs are wanted for a special feast, wild pigs thus caught are kept alive till wanted, when they are put into the common stock of food.

231 Domestic pigs are killed only on ceremonial occasions. The day when this will inevitably happen is anticipated with mixed feelings by their owners, pride in being able to furnish the contribution required of them being tempered by grief at the loss of a pet. No one, however, would ever refuse to part with his pig when occasion required. Domestic pigs only, never wild ones, are used in economic and ceremonial transactions. Many of these have been noted in their appropriate context.

Other possessions.

231 Dogs are much valued as personal possessions.[1] A good hunting
422 dog is greatly prized by its owner and coveted by others. They
435 are bought and sold, but never form part of a ceremonial payment
436 as pigs do. One day four men came to Kurtatchi on their way back to a mountain village; they bought a dog from Pinari for which they paid him 10*s.* in shillings. They carried it away with them, its legs tied with strips of bark, and its mouth and eyes covered with half a coco-nut shell put on like a muzzle, a hole having been cut through which the dog could breathe.

422 Canoes are owned by the men, but their families may use them.
562 A woman does not own a canoe unless her husband is dead, then she may take his. While he is alive she will ask his permission when she wishes to use it, and if he wants it himself he will go to another man and borrow one for her.

422 For the rest, the men have their fishing-nets, and other apparatus, pig-spears, musical instruments, &c.; some still cling to war spears, clubs, and ornamented arrows of the olden days, which they carry now on ceremonial occasions only. The women all possess black-
[412] lip oyster-shell knives, which they make by grinding down the shell on lumps of rough coral; *kōbū*, and banana-fibre straps for carrying burdens on the back; cleaned-out coco-nuts for holding

[553] [1] Dogs are given names of the same kinds as those given to pigs. One, for example, was called Patú, because the rest of the litter died, and it was thought that by and by he would die too (*patú tomot in*).

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rocks called Kes, from a fancied similarity to a shark. These are not supposed to be connected with *urar*, neither is there usually any story attached to them.

STONE PILLARS

All the stones hitherto mentioned are natural formations. But there are also some in this area which show definite traces of human handiwork, being shaped like pillars, and, in some cases, having designs incised upon them. I visited five of these, and heard of at least two others which appear to belong to the same category. Unfortunately, the information I was able to obtain about them is very meagre.

Notes on the stone pillar at Yamē

Yamē is the island next to Petats on the north, forming part of the same reef. At the present time the whole island is being used as a coco-nut plantation, and there are no natives on it except indentured plantation hands, most of whom come from other localities. But once it was inhabited by Buka natives, just as Petats and Pororan still are.

The stone is on the south-western side of the island, between two rows of coco-nut trees, some hundred yards or so from the cliff-edge. It is probably not in the situation which it occupied when it was first set up. It was not standing when I saw it, but prone on the ground. Only a portion of it remains, a length of about 3 feet, the bottom part being obviously broken off. Its diameter is rather less than a foot at the bottom, its widest part. It tapered slightly towards the top, which was rounded. There were no designs on it.

None of the available natives knew much about it. One said its name was Tahuni, but he could give me no meaning for the name. Once it had a spirit (*maselai* in pidgin-English) belonging to it, but there are no spirits left on Yamē any more. Another native said it was a stone 'belonging to the mosquitoes', and that the Pororan people took it away on a raft a long time ago when it was a little stone; they wanted to use it as a pillow, but just as they were going to land at Pororan (the next island, about ten miles off) it jumped overboard and swam back to Yamē. There it grew large. It used to be taller than a man, but now it is broken. No one could tell me how it was broken, or what had become of the rest of it.

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with it. But one day the spirits who live in the bush came and took it away and hid it in the bush. There it remained till it was found and brought to its present position.

The name of the stone was given by the local men who showed it to me as Ginagon, but a Tohatchi man at Yamē, who first told me of its existence, called it Ginoput. When I asked the local men about this they said it was all the same. They could give me no explanation of the name.

The stone is much discoloured, and covered with fungus and lichens, which somewhat mask, without concealing, several incised designs, not as deeply cut or as well executed as those on the stone at Iltopan, and differently arranged, as will be seen from the photograph (Pl. 78). The natives said the marks had been made when the stone was a little stone; then the marks were small too; now that the stone is big the marks have grown with it.

My companions from Petats, who had not seen the stone before, recognized one of the patterns, which they called *kalu*, saying it was one which they used to cut on their foreheads, before they gave up the practice of cicatrization at the wish of the mission. This one was on the side of the stone. When I subsequently showed a drawing of the designs on the stone to the people of Kurtatchi they compared it to their own design called *lalōm*, which they cut on the back of the neck of persons of rank (see Pl. 70 *b*).

As well as these designs, which are evidently of some antiquity, there are many recent scratches. These the people of Tohatchi say they make at the present time, to measure their height, as we used to do on the lintel of the nursery door. One of the men stood beside his mark to show me what they did. They had no feelings of awe or fear in regard to the stone, such as were plainly felt towards that at Iltopan, and it was evidently not credited with any magical power. The most careful investigation during my subsequent visit to Totatchi failed to elicit any more information about it.

Stone pillar at Lonahan

Still farther down the coast, and again on the Government road, near the village of Lonahan, just north of Malasang, there is the remains of another pillar (Pl. 79 *b*). It shows signs of mutilation, and there is a tale that a man hacked it with an axe. Also it is much weathered. It appears once to have been a round pillar similar to the others, but now tapers much more sharply to a point than it

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must once have done. About 3½ feet of it remain. It is propped up against a tree; they say it used once to stand up beside it. Down one side run a series of shallow depressions, which may or may not be the work of nature. There is no sign of any incised pattern on it.

When the story of Tchinaleke (see p. 530) was told me at Kurtatchi, this stone, leaning against its *tsiniv* tree (the kind of which dug-out canoes are made) was clearly indicated as the one which represented the woman. But on arriving at the spot, I was assured by men living near by that Tchinaleke was the stone lying below at the foot of the cliff, and that this one was called Pepes, that it belonged to the olden time, and that they knew no more about it than the few details I have given above. With that I had, therefore, to be content.

Stone pillar on North Bougainville coast

About half-way between Gomen and Ruri, there is a portion of a stone pillar which must have been originally similar to those on Buka (Pl. 79 *a*). It is in the bush, not far from the top of the cliff. Only 2½ feet of it are standing; it appears to be the top section of a pillar, since its end is rounded like all the others. It is said to go down a long way into the ground. If all the men of the village tried to move it they could not. But once the Hahon, the people of the mountains, enemies of the coast people, stole it. Having succeeded in getting it out of the ground, they slung it on a pole as the natives do pigs, and a large number of them carried it. But the pole broke. They cut a thicker tree, but that broke too. Then they cut a very large tree, all the men they had could scarcely carry it, but that broke too, and at night, while they were encamped, the stone made its way back. There are two little stones beside it, rounded either by rubbing or by the action of water; I could not be sure whether they were pieces broken off the big one or not. They are called its children. Once the people of Ratsoa (a village a short way into the foot-hills) carried them away in a pack with some ceremonial currency, but when they got home and opened their pack the stones were not in it; the *urar* had brought them back to their mother. The owner of the stone was angry with the Ratsoa people, and raided the village; then he put the little stones back in their places and made a feast.

The stone is called Mubenoits. One of the men of the village— the father of one of the present inhabitants, who is now an old man